

Or she will start to speak
and they will come
rushing beautifully out,
like trout
over a falls.

She wants dishware
with fish fired
into them. She is always
showing them a thigh,
luring them on.

Ask her who, what,
they are, and she dives
openmouthed and innocent
away. But these
fish-stories circulate:

they have been known
to live years on
dry land; for counting
on sleepless nights,
they can leap over a life.

-- Philip Dacey

Cottonwood, MN

CHARLES! CHARLES!

Calling my name, you come running
thru the tall grasses
6-month bellyful of manchild
plums falling from your apron
and the wasps running
up and down
 inside your dress.

Blackburn Lake

An occasional fish leaps
at a mayfly flittering by,
so I roll a cigarette
forget the next five minutes
and the busy highway
 fifty yards away
where I've either gotta thumb
or walk nine miles home
in the rain.